And by the grace of God and this mine arme,
To proue him (in defending of my selfe)
A traytor to my God, my King, and me,
And as I truely fight, defend me heaven.

Tucket. Enter Hereford, and Harold.

Rich. Marshall: aske yonder Knight in Armes,
Both who he is, and why he commeth hither,
Thus placed in habiliments of warre:
And formally according to our Law
Depose him in the iustice of his cause. (ther

Mar. What is thy name, and wherefore com'st thou hi-
Before King *Richard* in his Royall Lists?
Against whom com'st thou? and what's thy quarrell?
Speake like a true Knight, so defend thee Heaven.

Bul. *Harry* of *Hereford*, *Lancaster*, and *Derby*,
Am I: who ready here doe stand in Armes,
To prove by heavens grace, and my bodies valour,
In Lists, on *Thomas Mowbray* Duke of Norfolke,
That he's a Traytor foule and dangerous,
To God of heaven, King *Richard*, and to me,
And as I truely fight, defend me heaven.

Mar. On paine of death, no person be so bold,
Or daring hardy as to touch the Lists,
Except the Marshall, and such Officers
Appoynted to direct these faire designes.

Bul. Lord Marshall, let me kisse my Soueraignes hand,
And bow my knee before his Maiesty:
For *Mowbray* and my selfe are like two men,
That vow a long and weary pilgrimage,
Then let vs take a ceremonius leaue
And loving farewell of our severall friends.

Mar. The Appealant in all duty greets your Highnes,
And craves to kisse your hand, and take his leave.

Rich. We will descend, and fold him in our armes.
Cosin of *Hereford* as thy cause is iust,
So be thy fortune in this royall fight:
Farewell, my blood, which if to day thou shead,

Lament

Lament we may, but not re
Bul. Oh let no Noble e
For me, if I be goar'd with
As confident, as is the Fal
Against a Bird, doe I with
My loving Lord, I take my
Of you (my Noble Cosin
Not sicke, although I have
But lusty, young, and chea
Loe, as at English Feasts,
The daintiest last, to make
Oh thou the earthy autho
Whose youthfull spirit in
Doth with a two-fold vig
To reach at victory above
Adde proofe unto mine A
And with thy blessings ste
That it may enter *Mowbra*
And furbish new the name
Even in the lusty haviour
Gaunt. Heaven in thy go
Be swift like lightning in
And let thy blowes doubl
Fall like amazing thunder
Of thy amaz'd pernicious
Rouze up thy youthfull bl
Bul. Mine innocence, a
Mow. How ever Heaven
There lives, or dyes, true to
A loyall, iust, and upright
Never did Captiue with a
Cast off his chaines of bon
His golden uncontroul'd e
More than my dancing sou
This Feast of Battle, with
Most mighty Liege, and m
Take from my mouth, the
As gentle, and as jocond

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard II* (STC 22313) LONDON, 1634 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH (JA